

TO THE
QUEEN,
UPON HER MAJESTIES
BIRTHDAY.

By *E. W.* Esq;.



Arewell the Year which Threatned so
The fairest Light the World can show;
Welcome the New, whose every day
Restoring what was Snatch'd away
By pining Sicknes from the Fair,
That matchless Beauty do's repair
So fast, that the approaching Spring,
Which do's to Flow'ry meadows bring
What the rude Winter from them tore,
Shall give Her all She had before:

But we recover not so fast
The sense of such a Danger past;
We that esteem'd You sent from Heav'n,
A Pattern to this Island giv'n,
To shew us what the Bless'd do there,
And what Alive they practis'd here,
When that which we Immortal thought,
We saw so neer Destruction brought,
Felt all which You did then endure,
And tremble yet, as not secure;
So though the Sun victorious be,
And from a dark Eclipse set free,
Th' Influence which we fondly fear
Afflicts our Thoughts the following Year:

But that which may Relieve our care,
Is that You have a Help so near
For all the Evils you can prove,
The Kindness of Your Royal Love:
He that was never known to Mourn,
So many Kingdoms from him Torn,
His Tears reserv'd for You, more dear,
More priz'd than all those Kingdoms were:

For when no healing Art prevail'd,
When Cordials and Elixars fail'd,
On your pale Cheek he dropt the shour
Reviv'd you like a Dying flour.

